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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

MAY 1924

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

Todger Finds a Pal

BY MAY WYNNE

"NOTHING doing," said Todger firmly. "I didn't know you were just a girl, or I wouldn't have climbed over the wall."

Phyllis bit her lip. She had been so ready to welcome the next-door neighbour whose journey along the sturdy bough of the chestnut and final descent from the wall she had watched with breathless enthusiasm.

But she was not going to be quashed by a boy who was not a month older than herself.

"Snips for you!" she retorted, tossing back her curly hair. "Girls are as good as boys any day. I bet I could beat you at running."

Todger frowned—but lingered. He *had* had an idea that girls cried if you spoke to them. This girl's defiance made him curious; also it was very dull on his own side of the garden fence.

"Have you any brothers?" he asked.

Phyllis sighed. "I only wish I had. But Dad's a sport. He teaches me cricket and swimming, and we collect stamps together. Only he and Mums are away just now. Don't you come from Canada?"

She had heard all that Louise the day girl could tell her about Todger, and longed for comradeship.

He nodded.

"Alberta," he rejoined. "I hated coming to England. There's only Aunt Maria and Granny in there"—he jerked his head towards the next-door house—"and they're fussers. Always wanting me to wash!" His tones were disgusted.

Phyllis laughed. Todger didn't look as if a wash would come amiss at the present moment.

"It is a nuisance," she agreed. "What shall we play at? P'raps you'd like me to show you places. There's Ronnock Falls and the Old Mill, and lots of interesting things like that. The river's ever so jolly. Dad takes me out punting, only I can't punt properly yet."

Todger hesitated. He couldn't imagine himself being pals with a girl. But possibly a girl might be better than no one. *This* specimen seemed hopeful.

"I guess I'd locate them all for myself," he said, "but you may as well show me. Aren't there *any* boys in this place?"

"Not many," said Phyllis, "and the ones there are are not your age. Either they're in the nursery, or quite big enough to want to be *very* clean and wear stiff collars and go out to parties."

"No use to any one," agreed Todger. "Well—carry on. I mean, we may as well locate those falls."

Phyllis hesitated. She wasn't going to be patronized even by a jolly-looking boy who ought to have made the nicest sort of pal. But Phyllis was quite aware that if she refused this would be the last she should see of Todger; so she swallowed rebellious pride with a gulp.

"We may as well take the short cut through the hedge," she said. This was nothing but "showing off," for Phyllis hated that short cut, which she had only used twice in the emergency of escaping from the view of visitors.

Quickset has a special spite against curls, and, though Phyl went backwards through that hole like a heroine, Todger didn't seem to think it was specially clever. He only became enthusiastic when they reached the river.

"Topping!" said he. "You see I only came the day before yesterday, and Aunt Maria has been on the jaw, and wanting to take me to have new clothes, so I've not had a chance to explore. Come along."

And he stretched an eager hand to grab the slimy rope which moored a very crazy-looking boat.

Phyllis drew back. "You can't use *that* boat," she said. "It used to belong to the Court, but it leaks quite badly, and it's been left moored out here for months. No one could use it."

Todger gave her a withering glance. Of course this was what was to have been expected from a girl! He did not even trouble to reproach her, but his short laugh was not a bit kind as he slipped down the bank.

"You'll—you'll—you'll—" gasped Phyllis, clasp- ing her hands, but she did not finish her sentence.

The boat confirmed her warnings with a promptitude which saved a lot of trouble. As Todger jumped down into it the rotten boards parted, and—souse went Todger into six feet of water.

Phyllis shrieked. It was a terrible moment for her before a gasping and be-slimed comrade reappeared, grabbing wildly.

Luckily for the grabber the boat had been close under the bank, and he rose from his ducking to clutch the long grasses overhanging the stream.

Phyllis came to his assistance, snatching at his dripping collar.

"Let alone," commanded Todger, and, in a moment or so, he had crawled up on to the river path.

He *did* look a misery, to be sure, with mud, slime, and oozing clothes. Tears of pity filled the eyes of Phyllis, and perhaps Todger seeing them felt still more aggrieved.

"I knew what it would be," he muttered as he marched off—and Phyllis did not dare to follow him.

"Only he *didn't* know what it would be, or he wouldn't have jumped into the boat," thought the little girl as she ran home.

After all, Todger *did* know how to "play honest."



Before next afternoon he had told himself Phyllis had only shown common sense by refusing to get into that boat. He would therefore give her another chance. It was no use offering to chum with a silly cry baby, but if English girls *could* prove themselves any use as pals, he was quite willing to keep an open mind.

This was really quite noble of Todger. He felt it to be so; so did Phyllis, who was watching her sweet peas in a forlorn sort of way, when he came to her along the chestnut bough and over the wall.

"We'll try again," he said. "Cut out the river; I've been for a swim in it already this morning. Did you say there was an old mill?"

Phyllis beamed. She had been making up little stories to herself in which she had played the heroine before the eyes of an admiring companion.

"It's a jolly old mill," she told him; "and there's supposed to be a ghost."

Todger was hugely interested, and quite applauded Phyl when she explained she was not one bit afraid of ghosts.

"We might go for a tramp another day," he suggested, "as far as Hulton Abbey. I want to see the dungeon where the old boss used to keep the Jews."

Phyllis did not reply to this suggestion: somehow she could not quite picture her mother giving her leave to go for a twelve-mile walk in the blazing heat.

"There's the old mill," she said; "we must get over this stile. Oh!" she paused with one foot only on the wrong side of the barrier.

"What's the matter?" asked Todger. "Got a pain?"

Phyllis shook her head. "N—no," she confessed; "but—I forgot. Oh! we *can't* go this way. Farmer Rackon's red c—c—cow runs at people."

Poor Phyllis, she could have cried at sight of Todger's expression of amazed contempt.

"You don't mean to say," he asked, "you're afraid of a *cow*?"

She clenched her hands. "N—not all cows," she stuttered; "but th—this one *does* run; n—no one will cross the field. It—it chased the schoolmaster."

"Has it," asked Todger grimly, "ever tossed any one?"

"N—not yet," whispered Phyllis; "but——"

Todger did not wait for "buts."

"It was all my own fault," he said scornfully, "for thinking a girl could be a chum. A chum who's afraid to cross a field because of a red cow!"

And off he ran.

Phyllis watched him cross the field in complete safety—not a sign of a cow was to be seen. Yet, though the little girl twice climbed the stile, resolved to overcome her dread of the hidden foe, she had to retreat in nervous alarm.

It was *no* use. The cow would be sure to chase her, and her legs would wobble like cotton-wool if she heard the dreadful bellow.

Very sadly, very reluctantly, Phyllis returned homewards. She was quite sure she had seen the last of Todger. And oh! what a splendid chum he would have made if only—if only she could have convinced him she could be a sport.

There were no short cuts to be taken on that home-



ward road. Phyllis's feet trailed through the dust in a very don't-care-what-I-do-next way, when suddenly a startled cry echoed close by.

Phyllis was just at the corner of the lane; and, as she hurried round the bend, it was to see a very small and frightened boy standing on the edge of a pond.

"Lil's falled in," he wailed; "Lil's falled in."

Phyllis looked. Yes—yes, there was Lil—a pink sun-bonneted morsel of three years, whose head rose from the centre of the pond.

The little one had been crawling along the trunk of an alder tree overhanging the pond.

Phyl did not wait to ask questions. Scrambling along the alder, she leaned over. Alas! she could not reach the child *that* way. Only by slipping into the pond and stretching over was there a chance.

But Phyllis did not hesitate. Down—down—into slimy depths she plunged, one hand gripping a branch of the tree, the other outstretched to save the child.

Thank Heaven! she had hold of the pink frock. With all her strength she drew wee Lil towards her. Yes! she had the small head above water, the little body half raised from the pond; but that was all. With the dead weight of Lily in one arm, she had no strength left to drag herself out of the water.

The boy in the lane stood gaping. He was not eight years old himself.

"Run, Tommy!" cried Phyllis. "Run, get help!"

He understood and trotted off at once.

Phyllis was alone with the unconscious baby girl whose life hung in the balance. Whatever happened, wee Lil must not be allowed to slip back into the water.

And yet the strain was causing the brave little rescuer acute pain. She felt she could not endure that leaden weight, and yet—she must. Her senses reeled. If only—if only—if only— Then footsteps came racing up the lane. It was Tommy's and Lil's own father coming to the rescue. Tommy's father flung himself along the tree, and caught that precious burden in his strong arms.

Mates were following. Phyllis heard a confused sound of shouts and cries. She was sinking down—then raised—lifted—right out of the water. Some one said, "God bless a brave lass!" and she did not remember any more till she woke up from the muddiest dream to find mother bending over her in her own bed.

"My darling little Phyl!" said mother; "my brave darling!" and she put her arms round Phyl and kissed her—oh! such a lovely kiss.

"Is Lil—" whispered Phyllis.

"Much better," said mother. "Please God, she will soon be well." And Phyl closed her eyes well content.

It was not till next morning that Phyl saw Todger. By her own request she went out into the garden to meet him. Indeed, she was waiting quite humbly when Todger's sturdy figure appeared on the chest-nut bough, and the next minute he had dropped down beside her.

How his eyes sparkled; and oh! what a hand-grip he gave the little girl.

"I guess I'm real ashamed of myself," he said simply. "That's all—no, it isn't—I'm real glad, too; because, if you still don't mind, I guess I've found a pal."

And Phyllis said "yes" in great content. Wasn't that what she had *always* wanted?

I am sure to-day there are no two better friends in England.

A Thing of Beauty

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

JOHN KEATS.

A Grace for a Child

HERE a little child I stand,
 Heaving up my either hand ;
 Cold as paddocks though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a benizon to fall
 On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK.

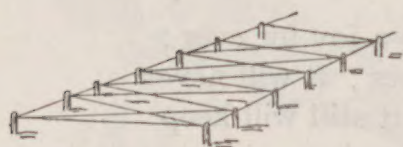
Have You a Garden?

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

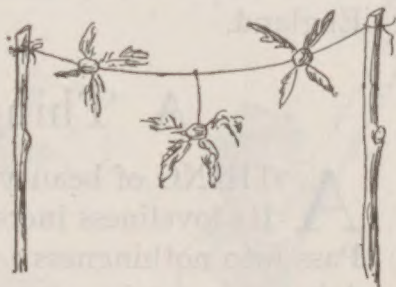
LAST month I told you the names of some bright flowers for your garden, and promised to tell you more about the sowing of Mignonette.

MIGNONETTE

Now Mignonette is a queer plant, for it does not like either a rich or a clay soil. But as long as you give it a sunny position, and dig in a little lime or mortar rubble (the rubbish left by builders), you will have a patch of very fragrant flowers.



Black cotton.



Feathers stuck in potatoes.

PROTECTION FROM BIRDS.

THINNING

I expect that when once your seedlings begin to show you will rejoice if they come up thickly; but you *must* "thin" them if you want good flowers.

You yourself would come off rather badly if one hundred of you shared a box of chocolates only big enough for ten, wouldn't you? The same thing applies to plants.

You won't *want* to pull up a single one, I know; but you must try to picture what this patch of tiny seedlings will be like when fully grown. Each plant, instead of having room to spread out its little branches, will be so cramped that it will become "lanky," and owing to the struggle for food will look starved and very small when the flowering time comes.

Grown-up gardeners thin their seedlings so rigorously that they leave about nine inches (nearly a ruler's length) between each plant, according to the size it will be when full grown; but as the whole of your garden is small, I should advise you kiddies to thin to from four to six inches, even though you won't get immense flowers.

Thin when the little plants are an inch or so high, so as at once to give the others a chance; water the soil thoroughly over-night, and when pulling up the plants, try to disturb those remaining as little as possible.

PROTECTING SEEDLINGS

From the moment the tiny seedlings begin to

appear above the ground they have a constant struggle against enemies.

Birds are a great trial, as they love the juicy young leaves; but if you stick some twigs amongst your seedlings, with *black* cotton twined in and out, you won't be much troubled with them.

Slugs are best kept off by surrounding the groups of seedlings with soot. If it is fresh from the chimney special care must be taken not to let any get on the leaves, otherwise they will be "burnt."

Some seedlings are much more liable to be attacked by *insect pests* than others. Here again soot (not fresh) can be sprinkled over the plants when still wet with dew; and syringing with soapy water (preferably with a little paraffin added) is also a great help.

WATERING

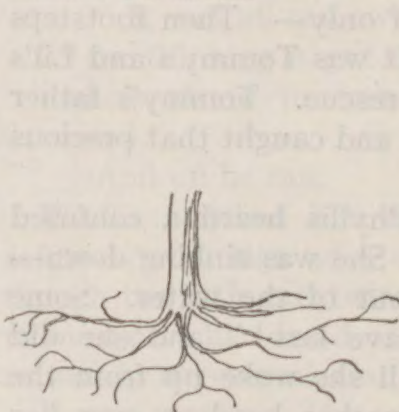
Watering is a very important and a very difficult job to do properly.

In point of fact, many grown-ups even do it very badly, thinking that all that is necessary is to

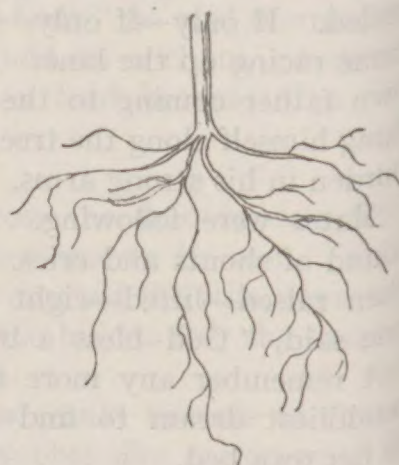
make the *surface* of the ground wet, forgetting that roots will grow in the direction where water is to be found—naturally a very bad plan in dry weather.

You, however, will be much more sensible, for you will give the soil round your plants a thorough drenching so as to encourage the roots to go deep down in search of it.

Watering should be done early in the morning or in the evening, as wet leaves will scorch if the sun shines on them.



If only a slight wetting of the soil is given, roots are encouraged to come up in search of it, and are likely then to be scorched by hot suns.



Roots work well down into the soil if the ground is *thoroughly* wetted.

HOW TO WATER PLANTS.

Next month some of your flowers ought to be ready for cutting, so I will then tell you some of the ways of keeping your cut flowers fresh.



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



JIMMIE came back from the circus much excited.

"Oh, mamma," he cried as soon as he got into the house, "Mary spilled some nuts, and what do you suppose the elephant did? He picked them all up with his vacuum cleaner."

Sent in by ERIC WINTER,
The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18.
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher. Who helped you with this arithmetic, Betty?

Betty. No one, Miss.

Teacher. Did your sister help you?

Betty. No, Miss. She did it all herself.

Sent in by JOAN LEWIS,
"Sherwood," Pentwyn Villas, Merthyr-Tydfil.

✦ ✦ ✦

THERE was a new guard on a Welsh line, and when he came to a station there was a word of twenty-six letters on the board, and he did not know what to call it.

So he waved his one arm to the train and the other to the board, saying, "If there's anybody for here, this is it."

Sent in by PHILIP GOODE,
Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham.

✦ ✦ ✦

A FARMER whose two dairymaids had suddenly deserted took them to court for breach of contract. The defending solicitor asked the farmer what he did when he discovered the maids gone and the cows not milked. "Oh!" replied the farmer, "it was a case of all hands to the pumps."

Sent in by ELLA GRANT,
3 Savile Place, Edinburgh.

✦ ✦ ✦

ONE day a minister while visiting the members of his church said to a lady who had four sons, "What are you going to make William?"

Lady. "I'm going to make William a minister."

Minister. "And what are you going to make John?"

Lady. "I'm going to make John a doctor."

Minister. "And what are you going to make James?"

Lady. "I'm going to make James a school teacher."

Then turning to her youngest son, who was sitting on the fender, she said, "And what will I make you, sonny?"

Sonny. "Mak' me a dumplin'."

Sent in by AGNES H. STEELE,
49 Carcaple Street, Glasgow.

Mr. Jones. "Good gracious, dear, what a long pie. It is surely too big for just two."

Mrs. Jones. "I'm sorry, Cecil, but I could not get any shorter rhubarb anywhere."

Sent in by ROBERT A. DUNWOODY,
61 Gaffikin Street, Sandy Row, Belfast.

✦ ✦ ✦

"YES," said the old lady proudly, "I've had three husbands. The first was a doctor, the second was a sailor, and the third was a draper."

Mr. Smart. "Oh, I see—one was on the panel, one was on the channel, and one was on the flannel!"

Sent in by LOUISA M. FERGUSON,
160 Govanhill Street, Glasgow

✦ ✦ ✦

A LITTLE girl was asked to give the definition of a skeleton by the inspector, and she said, "A man without any meat on him."

✦ ✦ ✦

BIDDING farewell to a friend, Jackson remarked, "Oh, by the way, we have just removed to a house by the canal; any time you're passing, we shall be delighted if you will drop in."

✦ ✦ ✦

SOME urchins once baited a poor, long-whiskered old man in the street.

"Hello, Father Abraham!" shouted one.

"Hello, Father Isaac!" greeted another.

"Hello, Father Jacob!" said a third.

"Friends," said the old man, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! I have found them."

Sent in by IDA LONGWORTH,
St. Paul's C. E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

✦ ✦ ✦

HELEN was at her first party. When the refreshments were served she refused a second helping of ice cream with a polite "No, thank you," though she looked wistful.

"Do have some more, dear," the hostess urged.

"Mother told me to say 'No, thank you,'" the little girl explained naively, "but I don't believe she knew how small the dishes were going to be."

✦ ✦ ✦

A SHEFFIELD man, thinking his sight was failing, went into an optician's shop for advice.

"Can you read that?" asked the optician, pointing to a card on the wall.

"No," replied the man.

The optician accordingly gave him stronger glasses. "Well," he inquired, "can you read it now?"

The man shook his head. "No, not a word," he replied. After repeating the performance several times the optician was about to give him up in despair, when the man explained, "You see, sir, I never learned to read."

P.J.

THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

EPISODE III

IN HERTFORDSHIRE

AT Easter in the year 1915, Mr. Davenant, having completed another term at Stonebridge School, returned home in tearing spirits, with an increased stock of knowledge, an extra inch added to his height, and four gleaming cups inscribed severally "Quarter Mile," "Senior Hurdles," "Senior High Jump," and "Boxing, 2nd Prize." These duly took their place amongst a variety of similar trophies in his bedroom, and their proud owner was strolling in the garden on the second day of his return, when he was summoned to the telephone.

"Hullo! That you, P.J.? Ambrose speaking."

"Good business! Yes; I came home yesterday."

"Would you care for any more of those little expeditions we had together at Christmas?"

"You bet I would. I've been thinking of nothing else for weeks."

"We don't talk of these matters over the telephone. My car is here, and I will be with you in forty minutes. Don't go out."

In exactly thirty-five minutes the hum of a motor announced Ambrose's arrival, and P.J. rushed down to the door, wild with excitement.

"Hullo, P.J.," cried Ambrose. "How you've grown!"

"I've done my best," observed Mr. Davenant.

"It is topping seeing you again, Mr. Ambrose."

"Tell me first, what did you do in your school sports?"

"Not much. In the hurdles and the quarter-mile such a set of blighters entered that I simply couldn't help winning. Oh! and I fluked the high jump somehow; but I did rottenly in the boxing—only got second prize. But it was a poor show all round."

"Four cups sound to me pretty useful; I never won so many in my life. Will you take me up to your room some time, P.J.? I should like to see all your trophies."

"All right! let's go up now. There isn't much to see."

Mr. Davenant's bedroom was remarkable in the first place for its extreme neatness, an unusual characteristic of the sanctums of young gentlemen of his age; and in the second place for the very large collection of pewter and silver cups, great and small, which occupied a shelf running round two sides of the room. Another shelf above it was crowded with models of railway locomotives, electric batteries, induction coils, and other scientific apparatus.

"By George! what a noble collection of pots!"

cried Ambrose, giving a look round. After studying the various inscriptions, he added, "You seem to be the most versatile youth. Here are cups for hurdles, high jump, quarter-mile, hundred yards, swimming, diving, and for boxing. Is there anything in the way of athletics that you can't do?"

"Yes. I'm perfectly putrid at long-jumping; you won't find a single pot for that. But I keep on telling you, Mr. Ambrose, that ever since I've been a little kid, I've somehow only found a lot of silly duffers to enter against me every time. I didn't win all these things; they lost them."

"And may I ask what those two caps over the chimneypiece are?"

"Stonebridge Second Eleven and Stonebridge Second Rugger Fifteen. No great catch having either. We usually put up an awfully poor show."

"I'm quite sure of it. At Rugger where do you play, P.J.?"

"Scrum-half, I'm too light for anything else. Last year I played 'stand-off.' I say, Mr. Ambrose, why don't you play Rugger? It is such topping fun, and you're so big that you'd make a clinking good forward. Do you know," added P.J., as he dodged behind a table, "I really believe that your—waistcoat would grow quite small again if you played."

The burly Ambrose stretched out a long arm, and catching hold of Mr. Davenant's collar, twisted that young gentleman's arm with his other hand till he roared for mercy.

"Pax! pax! Good, kind Mr. Ambrose," he yelled. "Let me go, and I'll swear that you're as thin as a rail, or a wafer. I shouldn't be surprised if you have spoilt my bowling for the whole cricket season. Shall we have a little knock-up against the wall of the stables? It doesn't make a bad court and I've got two racquets."

"No, thank you, not to-day. Do tell me what all those appliances on that shelf are, P.J.?"

"That's part of my wireless outfit, which I had to take down when war was declared. I'm awfully keen on those sort of things, you know, especially on wireless. You never noticed the best thing in the room, that topping model of a North-Eastern 4.4.0. Isn't she a beauty? Let's get up steam in her. She won't take long if we fill her up with boiling water."

"My dear P.J., I'm not sixteen years old, and I came here to talk police business with you."

"Sorry. My fault. Let's go down to dad's study. It's warm there, and no one can hear what we say."

When they were ensconced in Mr. Davenant senior's study, Ambrose began to unfold his tale.

"You got to know of a lot of things at Christmas, young man."

P.J. nodded.

"Did I ever speak to you about the K.U.W.—the *Kaiserliche Ueberseeische Wacht*, which means the Imperial Overseas Guard?"

"You needn't translate it, you know," grinned P.J. "I understand German, though I didn't quite understand that German."

"I don't pretend to speak it, and I keep forgetting

that German is your second mother-tongue. Now please listen attentively. I know, of course, that you are thoroughly to be trusted. This K.U.W. is a sort of inner ring of their spy system, and they attempt far more elaborate and daring *coups* than the ordinary German secret agent ventures upon, and have, I am sorry to say, succeeded in some of them. We know of about twelve of the K.U.W. by name, but have as yet no evidence against any of them."

Ambrose here glanced at his pupil to see if he was following him, but resumed when he noted P.J. drinking in every word with deep attention.

"The K.U.W. communicate with each other in a cipher similar to that one which you hit upon at Christmas——"

P.J. again nodded.

"—but with a different key-word. Our cipher expert——"

"Mr. Wigglesworth?" inquired P.J.

"Good boy! Well remembered. Yes, Wigglesworth, who, however, has not yet succeeded in discovering this key-word. Now for the actual business in hand. You have perhaps heard of Sir Andrew Nicholson, the great shipbuilder. He has retired now, and has bought a place called Bremhill, in Hertfordshire. Sir Andrew is an inventor, and many of his patents are in use all over the world. Now, one particular invention of his has recently been of enormous service to us. It would be too long to explain in detail, so I will just say that it is connected with submarines, and that this invention has come as a most unpleasant surprise to the German Admiralty. They would willingly pay £50,000 for the drawings which would enable them to copy it. One of Sir Andrew Nicholson's fads is that he looks on his inventions as his own pet children. He keeps all the drawings and designs in his study at Bremhill, and is perpetually looking at them. That at the present time is very dangerous. They have had a German governess, a Fräulein Schrader, living with them for twenty years. After their daughters married, Fräulein Schrader remained on as a sort of lady-housekeeper and secretary to Lady Nicholson. I am not wearying you with all these details, am I, my boy?"

"Rather not," answered P.J., his face aglow with eagerness. "I'm most frightfully interested. All the while at school I was hoping and hoping that you would take me on again now. You can't imagine how absolutely topping it is for a chap of my age to know that he is a Secret Service man. Do go on."

"The Nicholsons swear by 'dear old Fräulein.' They declare that she has become quite English, and loves this country. They won't hear one word against her, and absolutely refused to part with her when war broke out, and refuse so still. Now, we happen to know that Fräulein Schrader is a member of the K.U.W. She has two friends, whose real names are Heinrich Buchler and Max Rosenberg, but who have been allowed by our singularly indulgent and easy-going authorities to naturalize themselves since the outbreak of the war. They now call themselves Henry Booker and Martin Rosehill, and both men are

suspected of being members of the K.U.W. The Schrader woman is in constant communication with these newly fledged British subjects, which is in itself suspicious; but though all her correspondence has been intercepted, we have found nothing whatever incriminating in it, with one very small exception. Do you follow me so far?"

"Rather. You don't know how interesting it is to hear all these things. I know what other people don't know."

"You do, my little friend, because I know that I can trust you. To continue my story, I feel perfectly sure that an attempt will be made to steal those drawings, and I do not think that old Schrader will risk it herself, but I *do* think that she has arranged that Buchler and Rosenberg shall. Now, I hear that Fräulein has left Bremhill to-day for a week, to stay with some friends of hers at Northampton. During that week the *coup* will be carried out. Again, I learnt this morning that Sir Andrew goes north to-morrow to Newcastle till Friday. That again narrows it down. We policemen get a sort of *flair* in these matters, and I feel confident that the drawings will be stolen either to-morrow, Wednesday, or Thursday, though I haven't got a single scrap of evidence yet, and I want my young friend's help again."

"Mr. Ambrose," began P.J. rather diffidently, "will you answer me one question quite truthfully? Was I really of any use to you at Christmas, or did you only take me with you because you've been so awfully decent to me?"

"Without any exaggeration you were of the greatest service to me, P.J. I wonder whether you would be offended if I tell you what they call you in the 'Special Branch.' It explains the situation."

"I don't think I should. I suppose it's something rude, but I'm quite used to being called names."

"They call you Ambrose's terrier."

"Now I ask you, do I sit up and beg?"

"Never mind, P.J. A terrier is a most useful little animal, and sometimes a highly intelligent one, and a terrier can often work where a big dog cannot."

"Why not call me 'Towzer' at once?"

"Thank you for the suggestion. I probably shall. To speak quite seriously, your thorough knowledge of German has been invaluable to me, and I know by experience that very little indeed escapes you."

"Well, I have got two ears and two eyes the same as other people."

"Quite so, though possibly other people do not use them quite so thoroughly. Another point is your very youthful appearance. People do not notice you, and that is a great asset, if you know what an 'asset' is."

"What any one's worth, isn't it? 'Oh! blow!' cried Mr. Davenant dejectedly, "that means you want me to wear those beastly shorts again, and to go back to bare knees. If I was seen in them, I should never hear the end of it—I shouldn't really. All right, 'Towzer' will do it! I don't care a hang!"

"Good Towzer! Thank you; and back to Eton collars too, please."

"I'll wear any old thing. But what is it you want me to do, Mr. Ambrose?"

"I'm coming to it. So certain do I feel about the attempted theft of Sir Andrew's drawings, possibly to-morrow, but more likely on Wednesday or Thursday, that I have proposed myself to Bremhill to-morrow for two nights with my 'nephew,' for I know the Nicholsons very well indeed."

"And 'Towzer' is the nephew, I suppose?"

"Perfectly correct. My men have been shadowing Buchler and Rosenberg (now 'Booker' and 'Rosehill,' remember) and they are staying at a little hotel in Bloomsbury, the 'Ailsa.' You and I will stop there too to-night. I don't think that either Buchler or Rosenberg know me by sight, but I am taking no chances. I have engaged a private sitting-room, and shall dine elsewhere, but I want Towzer to dine in the public restaurant, as near to the two men as he can get (I'll point them out to you), and to keep his sharp eyes and ears open. Follow them about afterwards, for no one will notice you in that kit you hate so, and later on Towzer shall come up to room No. 65 and make his report."

"Oh, this is going to be great fun, Mr. Ambrose, and I don't really mind being dressed like a little tick again, unless I meet a Stonebridge chap."

"My 'travelling name' at the 'Ailsa,' please, P.J., is 'Mr. Watson,' and recollect that I'm your uncle during our little trip."

"All right, 'Mr. Watson' and 'Uncle Cyril.' I suppose that you become 'Mr. Ambrose' again at Bremhill."

"At Bremhill, 'Mr. Ambrose' and 'Uncle Cyril.' Remember that you're my nephew for three days."

"I thought that uncles usually tipped their nephews," observed Mr. Davenant placidly. "Besides, I must buy some new stockings for my kid's get up, and a lot of Eton collars and things."

"Here are five pounds for expenses. You can give me a rough account of it afterwards. I should like to show you the suspicious enclosure in Fräulein's letter. Here is a copy of it, and of the covering letter. It is obviously in the same cipher that I believe you originally discovered, but there is no clue whatever to the key-word, and without it we're hopeless."

"I didn't discover the cipher," protested P.J. "My cousin Christopher the Sapper showed it me. I say, I quite forgot to show you my collection of birds' eggs upstairs. It's not so dusty a one."

"Some other day. We'll stick to business now, young man, please."

The piece of paper handed by Ambrose to P.J. was marked as follows:—

I	Z	U	E	U	N	N	H	E	N	C	G
R	N	E	C	U	R	H	T	D	T	I	S
A	B	I	S	E	N	N	E	L	L	F	K
R	U	L	S	L	U	E	C	E	H	S	S
R	F	S	A	T	E	L	I	E	G	T	R
E	E	E	T	G	N	A	D	W	I	G	S
S	B	I	G		T		R	I	E	F	A

"Might I have a squint at the letter too, please?" asked P.J. "Twelve columns, so it must be a word

of twelve letters. I don't think the message is in English, because there isn't one single Y in it and there would be in an English sentence of that length. There are no y's in German, you know. Hasn't Mr. Wigglesworth or some one tumbled to the key-word? Why, the letter is in English! What a rum thing to say, 'Epicures agree as to where the best sausages are made, and there is a great attraction about the town connected with Frederick the Great.' What does she want to be writing about sausages for, and about Frederick the Great?"

"I can't imagine. Being German she is probably greedy, and admires Frederick the Great."

"Mr. Ambrose, where do they make sausages?"

"I haven't an idea. I suppose at Oxford and at Cambridge; perhaps at Bologna in Italy, and at Brunswick in Germany."

Mr. Davenant began counting on his fingers. "Brunswick is the longest word, and that has only nine letters, and the cipher word has twelve. Oh—!" and he gave a little whistle of two notes, with an interval of a major third between them, for all the world like a cuckoo clock.

"What is it, Towzer—a brain-wave?"

"No, just an idea, but I'm most likely wrong."

"Well, I'm off now. Come up to London this evening in those detested shorts, please, and with clothes for three days. Take a taxi to the 'Ailsa,' if you don't want to be seen; ask for 'Mr. Watson, No. 65, and to-morrow you can resume your grown-up clothes if you like to. Got it all quite pat?"

"Quite. May I just copy that cipher, please?"

After Ambrose's departure, P.J. consulted the volume of his father's encyclopædia marked "FRE," and then went out to make his purchases.

That evening a bare-kneed boy in an Eton collar inquired for 'Mr. Watson' at the office of the 'Ailsa,' and was promptly directed to room No. 65.

"Well, I've got here without being seen by any Stonebridge fellow, so that's all right. Mr. Ambrose, I suppose that a Secret Service man ought to do what he is told; but is it all right for a chap to listen to what other people are saying?"

"Under present conditions I think it justifiable. I quite understand your scruples, and at some time I will explain to you why I consider it justifiable while our country is at war. Now wash your hands and go down to dinner. I've engaged a table for you next to the two suspects. I shall not go down myself for obvious reasons, but I count on Towzer keeping his eyes and ears well open, and as I know that you are a greedy young beggar, I have ordered a lobster for you."

"Oh! good egg!"

"Go downstairs and use your ears for all you are worth!" smiled Ambrose, pointing to the door.

At the table next him Mr. Davenant duly noted two individuals, heavy of jaw, protuberant of stomach, and fierce of moustache, who, as his sharp ears told him, were conversing in guttural English, and when the two left the dining-room and made their way into the empty smoking-room, P.J. followed them.

Neither paid much attention to the lanky boy in shorts who sprawled over the table absorbed in his detective story, his face buried in his hands. The voices of the two came quite plainly to his ears. "I tell you that it is perfectly safe," said one man to the other in German, "and besides it is so much more convenient." P.J. read on and on, completely buried in his book. When the two individuals left the room, the boy followed them, and yawning loudly made his way upstairs.

"Well," inquired Ambrose in the seclusion of room 65, "anything to tell me?"

"Not much," replied P.J. "I don't think a fat lot of *Laurence Baker, Detective*; he seems to be a rotter at detective work."

"H'm. I am afraid that you are showing, P.J., all the traditional contempt that the professional has for the amateur. Anything more?"

"I don't know whether it would interest you to have a decipher of the little message in Fräulein's letter, the one, you know, in twelve columns. The key-word was 'Braunschweig,' and the message in German is 'Zeichnungen in dritter Schublade links. Neuer Schlüssel fertig. Der alte weg Dienstag bis Freitag;' or, if you like it in English, 'The drawings are in the third drawer on the left-hand side. The new key is ready. The old boy away from Tuesday till Friday.' I worked it out at home, just after you had left. When you have got your key-word, you write it out in the same order in which the letters making the word would come in the alphabet—

B R A U N S C H W E I G

—twelve letters. Well, those letters would come in the alphabet—

A B C E G H I N R S U W

Then you write them in that order over the message when you're decoding, like this:—

A	B	C	E	G	H	I	N	R	S	U	W
I	Z	U	E	I	N	N	H	E	N	C	G
A	B	I	S	E	N	N	E	L	L	D	K
R	U	L	S	L	U	N	E	C	E	H	S
R	F	D	A	T	E	L	I	E	G	T	R
E	E	E	T	G	N	A	D	W	I	G	S
S	B	I	G		T		R	I	E	F	A

Then you put the letters making Braunschweig back in their proper place, putting each column under its proper letter, and you get—

B	R	A	U	N	S	C	H	W	E	I	G
Z	E	I	C	H	N	U	N	G	E	N	I
N	D	R	I	T	T	E	R	S	C	H	U
B	L	A	D	E	L	I	N	K	S	N	E
U	E	R	S	C	H	L	U	S	S	E	L
F	E	R	T	I	G	D	E	R	A	L	T
L	W	E	G	D	I	E	N	S	T	A	G
B	I	S	F	R	E	I	T	A	G		

Then you just read it off, and if you want to, you translate it. It's awfully easy when once you've got the key-word."

"Bravo! P.J. Well done indeed! That's very smart of you. How the dickens did you get hold of the key-word, though?"

"You gave it to me. Do you remember Fräulein wrote something about sausages, and you told me that sausages were made in Brunswick. I didn't know it. Brunswick has only got nine letters, but the German for Brunswick is Braunschweig, twelve letters, so there you are! I looked it up in the encyclopædia, and something else, too."

"An uncommonly neat bit of work! A very smart piece of work! You most excellent boy, P.J.! Didn't you originally discover this particular cipher yourself?"

"No, I told you that my cousin Christopher the Sapper showed it me, and you gave me the key-word. I didn't do anything but just stick 'em together, that's all. I've got something else to tell you, Mr. Ambrose. Those blighters began talking before me in German, and I could hear every word. You're quite right about one thing. No one takes any notice of one in this silly rig-out."

"What did they say? Anything of importance?"

"They talked of their *Landpartie*—that means country excursion—on Wednesday, so I suppose Wednesday's the day. Buchler is the fair man, and he has got the new key old Schrader talks of. I found out which he was by the dark chap calling him Heinrich, which you said was Buchler's name. The old Fräulein took an impression of the lock in wax, and got the key made in London. Then there was something I couldn't hear. That's all, I think, but you were jolly well right when you said that they'd pinch the drawings on Wednesday," added P.J., nodding his head emphatically.

"Most excellent Towzer! Now you see how useful terriers can be. Some terriers, too, are quite intelligent. Good Towzer, indeed!"

"Is there anything more to-night, Mr. Ambrose, because I'm frightfully sleepy, and I may wear my bags to-morrow and a decent collar again, mayn't I?"

"Nothing more to-night. You've done quite enough. Thank you again, P.J. I believe the real reason why you hate those shorts so is that you have got to wash your knees when you put them on."

"If you say things like that, Mr. Ambrose, I shall have to hit you, though I am so dead sleepy."

(To be continued.)

✦ ✦ ✦

A Woman (to greengrocer). "What's the time?"
Greengrocer. "A penny a bunch."

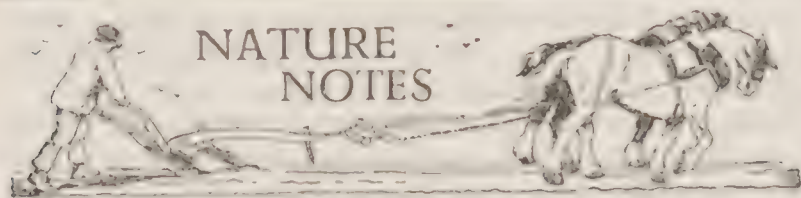
Sent in by ERIC VOAS,
St. George's Road Boys' School, Wallasey.

✦ ✦ ✦

Visiting Examiner. "Give me a definition of a fishing net."

Johnnie. "A lot of holes tied up with pieces of string."

Sent in by GEORGE G. MILLER,
20F Wood Street, Motherwell.



The Caddis-flies

THOSE of my readers who have elder brothers fond of fishing may have heard them talk of Caddis-worms as being splendid bait for fish. This "worm" is the larva of the Caddis-fly, and is a most interesting and capable little creature. First, however, let us speak about the perfect insect which we call the Caddis-fly. About two hundred species live in Britain, usually near water.

The Caddis-flies are small and somewhat moth-like insects, having slender bodies, long and bristle-like antennæ, and two rather curious pairs of wings. The front pair, when folded, form a sort of arch or shelter for the body; while the hind wings are most often



CADDIS-FLY.

folded up. Though they are present, the Fly makes but little use of them and has a feeble flight.

The female lays her eggs in a mass, surrounded by jelly-like matter; she either lays them actually in water, or quite close to it. From these appear the larvæ, which possess a horny head and thorax, while the abdomen is soft. There are three pairs of legs, and at the rear end of the body are two claw-like appendages, of which we shall read later.

Now a plump, soft-bodied creature like the Caddis-worm will find many a dangerous foe in the water, and some method of protecting itself seems much to be desired.

The larva therefore builds itself a house, a dwelling which, though fitting loosely, is of its own form and

shape. Floating about in the water, or creeping on the bottom of the pond, it gathers together bit by bit the most strange collection of materials for the dwelling that it needs. Small twigs and tiny bits of grass or reed; minute stones, little grains of sand; even the shells of small fresh-water molluscs with their owners still alive within—such are the Caddis-worm's materials for its house. Some Caddis-worms use any such materials; others choose special kinds.

These we may call the bricks and stone; but what about the mortar for the house? As each item of material is collected and placed in position it is fastened to its neighbours by a gummy silk from the larva's mouth. And presently a firm house is built around the larva's body, with an opening at each end.

This house sometimes floats loose, and thus its occupant can move about in search of food; but sometimes it is fastened to a stone or to some portion of a water-plant, the owner lying in wait for any food that may float past it within reach. The food is mostly vegetable; small insects, too, are eaten; and it is believed that Caddis-worms at times devour one another, so that we must class them among cannibals.

Within its house the Caddis-worm is fairly safe from harm. Its head and sometimes all three pairs of legs protrude from the one end; at other times it keeps the hindmost pair of legs inside its house walls, ready to retreat should any danger come in sight. The front pair of legs are used for swimming.

Moreover, you remember that there is a pair of horns or hooks upon the rear end of the body; with these hooks the creature keeps firm hold of the interior of its house. Should some aquatic enemy—or perhaps a boy in search of bait for fishing—try to pull it out, the Caddis larva often prefers being pulled to pieces rather than release its grasp.

The building of this most ingeniously constructed little home, and the larva's life therein, may easily be witnessed in a small aquarium, if materials for the building are supplied. It is a most delightful and instructive work to watch.

This stage, which we may surely call the "house life" of the creature, lasts for several months. At length, however, comes the time for the small builder to assume the pupa stage. The front and rear ends of the house are closed by a thin web of silk; sometimes the ends are made still more secure by the addition of a tiny stone or scrap of leaf. In this now fast-closed house the change takes place.

In some species the pupæ, which are active, pull their houses to pieces and then quit the water previous to emerging as the perfect Fly; but other pupæ rise till they have reached the surface, and there float until the pupal case splits and the Fly escapes.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



Hilda's First Friend

BY SIBYL B. OWSLEY

ONCE there was a little girl called Hilda. She had long dark hair and big dark eyes, and Hilda's Mummy used to say, "What a pretty little girl she is!" But everybody else's Mummy used to say, "What a cross little girl she looks!" For Hilda hadn't any brothers or sisters, and didn't want any, either, which was much worse. She had so many toys that the day nursery



and the night nursery, and the morning-room and every other room, were full of them. Yet she never would give any away. Wasn't it dreadful?

Once a nice little girl called Pam came to tea with her, and when she had looked at Hilda's baby doll, and her boy dolly, and her black doll, and her doll that said "Mamma" and "Papa," and all her other dolls, she asked if she might nurse one of them, just for a minute, and Hilda said, "No!" And Hilda's Nanny was so ashamed of Hilda that she said she must never have any little girl to tea with her again until she had learnt to be nice. So she didn't.

But one day Hilda was out for a walk, and

she saw a ducky little tabby kitten, all round and fluffy. And it looked up at her with its big blue eyes, and it opened its little red mouth very wide, and said, "Mi-au-ow!"

And Hilda said, "I want that kitten."

"You can't have it," said Nanny, "it belongs to the little boy."

But the little boy, who had freckles all over his face, said, "You can have him. I've got two more at home."

So Hilda took the kitten back, and he was all warm and cossety, and he patted her chin with his paws, and he made a noise inside him just as if a kettle was boiling very fast. And Hilda loved her kitten very nearly as much as she loved herself.

But Hilda still had to go out for walks with her Nanny, and one morning the kitten was left alone in the nursery. So he jumped on to the top shelf of Hilda's toy cupboard, and he tried to find an empty cotton reel to play with. He and the freckly boy always had great jokes with one. And he pulled out Hilda's books, and he tore them across just for fun. And he patted the baby doll's face to see what it was made of, and left a great scar all down its cheek. And he tugged at the woolly hair of the black doll. But he couldn't find a reel of cotton! He still went on looking, though. And, my goodness! what a mess the nursery was in when Hilda and her Nanny came back.

Hilda didn't mind because she loved the kitten so.

But Hilda's Nanny didn't see why all Hilda's toys should be spoilt by a kitten when other little girls would love them.

So when Hilda went to bed that night Nanny packed a whole boxful of them—dolls and gollywogs, and bears and books, and all the sort of things that everybody wants Santa Claus to put in their stockings—and she sent them right off to some poor little children.

But Hilda didn't even notice, for she had her kitten. But the next morning, while

Nanny and Hilda went for their walk, the kitten scampered out of the house to find the freckly boy and his empty reel. And when Hilda came home there was no kitten and no toys.

Oh dear! what a time Nanny had then!

The milkman heard Hilda crying, and caught her tears in his milk can, and then pretended he was selling milk instead of milk and water. And the greengrocer heard her crying, and hurried and put his lettuces under the nursery window so that they might grow bigger from the damp. And the ironmonger heard her crying, and brought along a big bath, and asked if that would be any use to catch the tear drops.

And then, when all the water had been wrung out of her, Nanny said that, as she had no toys to quarrel over, Pam might come to tea. And Pam came, and she brought with her her pet doll, because she knew that Hilda wouldn't let her nurse any. Now the family called the pet doll Dirty Gertie, but Pam called her Princess Moonshine, she loved her so. And when she heard that Hilda had no toys and no kitten she was very sorry, and she puckered up her forehead for two minutes. And then she said, "You may nurse my princess if you're *very* careful."

And Hilda was a tiny bit ashamed, and she told Nanny afterwards that she thought Pam was even nicer than a kitten, and she'd like to have her to play with, please.

That is how Hilda made her first friend.

Motto for May

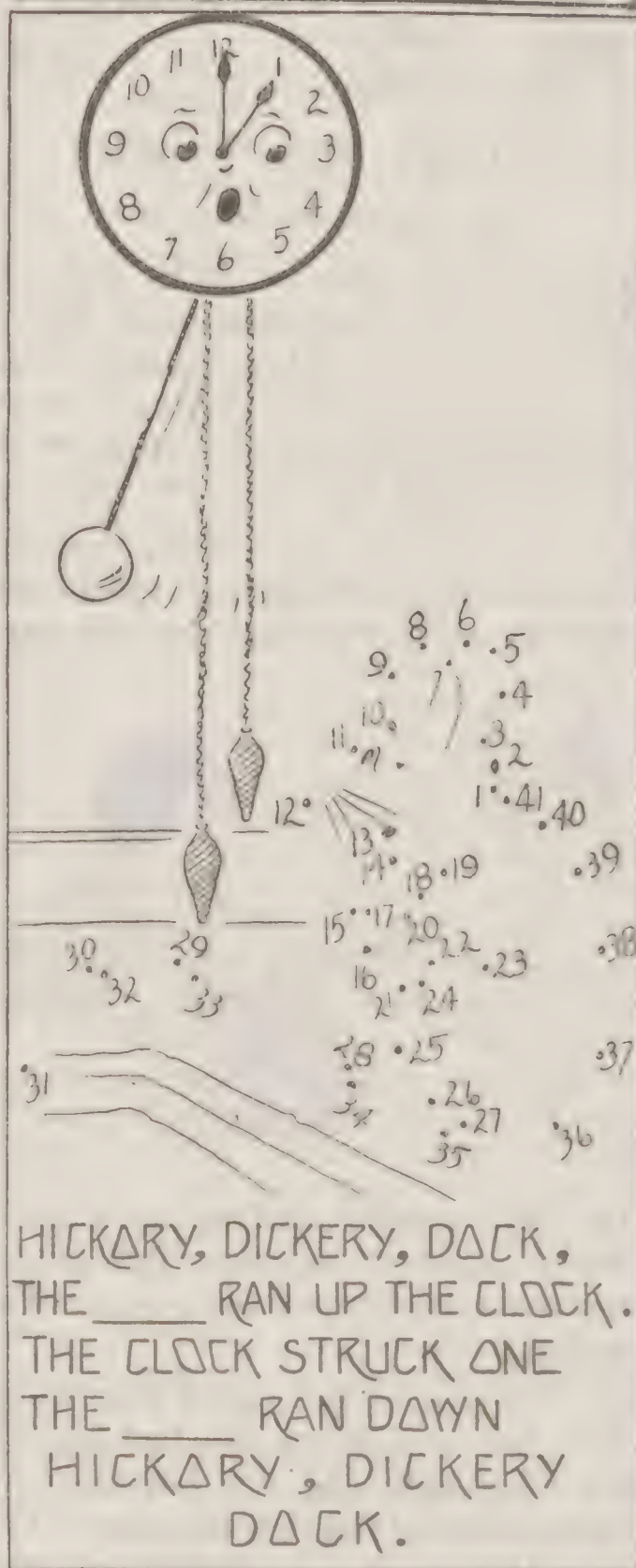
Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

J. M. BARRIE.

Sent in by GWENDOLEN CHANDLER,
6 Charlwood Road, Putney, S.W. 15,

and
GLADYS MARCHANT,
Barnsole Road Girls' Council School, Gillingham, Kent,
to each of whom a book prize has been awarded.

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE



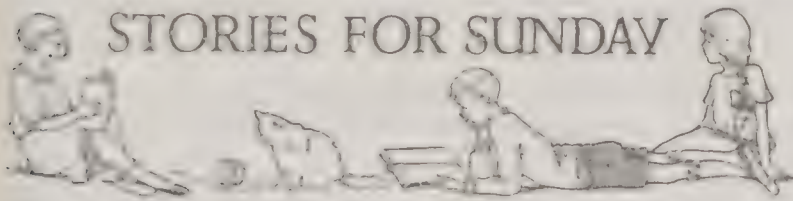
Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

✦ ✦ ✦

Mamma. "Bunty, don't pull the cat's tail."

Bunty. "I'm not, mamma; it's the cat that's pulling."

Sent in by JACK NOLAN,
9 Brunswick Road, Bangor, Co. Down.



The Story of Saint Martin

It was a cold winter's day in the city of Amiens, and the wind swept along the great Roman road outside the city gates with such an icy blast that the few people who were out of doors wrapped themselves closer in their cloaks, and longed for their sheltering homes and warm firesides.

But there was one poor old man who had no cloak to wrap around him, and no fireside of which to dream. He shivered as the searching wind came sweeping past him, and his half-blind eyes looked

hand, with which he had just cut his own cloak in half, that he might share it with the shivering old man.

The passers-by laughed and hurried on, but the soldier did not care if they mocked him, for he was quite happy to think he had helped one who needed help so sorely.

The name of this young soldier was Martin, and he served in the Roman army with his father, who was a famous general. Most of Martin's fellow-soldiers were pagans, but he was a Christian, and served the emperor well, because he served Christ first.

The very night after Martin had divided his cloak with the beggar he had a dream, in which he saw his Master, Christ, among the holy angels, wearing the half cloak which Martin had given away that afternoon. And as he looked, he heard Christ's voice speaking to the angels, and saying :—



SAINT MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH THE BEGGAR.

eagerly up and down the road to see if any one was coming who might help him in his need.

Then a young soldier came riding past, but the beggar scarcely thought of asking alms of him, for the Roman soldiers were not the kind of men to trouble themselves about the poor and suffering.

The old man closed his eyes, weary and hopeless, for it seemed as if there were none to help or pity him. Then in a moment he felt a warm cloak thrown around his shoulders, and in his ears sounded a kind voice which bade him wrap it close around him to keep out the cold.

Half bewildered the beggar looked up, and saw the young soldier bending over him. He had dismounted from his horse and held a sword in his

"Know ye who hath clothed Me with this cloak? My servant Martin, who is yet unbaptized, hath done this."

Then Martin awoke, and he did not rest until Christ's seal of baptism was set upon his brow, and he felt that he had enlisted truly in God's service.

Now Martin knew that to be God's servant meant doing everything day by day as well as it could be done, and serving his earthly master as faithfully and diligently as he tried to serve his heavenly commander. So it came to pass that for all the fourteen years he served in the emperor's army, he was known as the best and bravest soldier, and one who had never failed to do his duty.

But as he began to grow old, he longed to serve

God in other ways, and so he went to the emperor and asked for permission to leave the army.

"You seek to leave the army because you fear to fight," said the emperor to Martin, who stood silently before him. "A Roman soldier should scorn to be a coward."

"I am no coward," answered Martin, and he met with unflinching look the angry gaze of the emperor. "Place me alone in the front of the battle, with no weapon but the cross alone, and I shall not fear to meet the enemy single-handed and unarmed."

"Well said," answered the emperor quickly; "we will take thee at thy word. To-morrow thou shalt stand defenceless before the enemy, and so shall we judge of thy boasted courage."

Then the emperor ordered his guards to watch Martin that night lest he should try to escape before the trial could be made. But Martin had no thought of escape, and was eager to do as he had said.

Meanwhile, however, the enemy began to fear that they had no chance against the Roman army; and very early in the morning they sent messengers to ask for peace, offering to give themselves up to the mercy of the emperor.

So Martin was set at liberty, and no one doubted his courage and faithfulness; since they believed that his faith in God had brought peace, and given them the victory over their enemies.

Soon after this Martin was allowed to leave the army, and he journeyed from place to place, telling those who had never heard it before the good news of Jesus Christ.

In those days it was dangerous to go among the mountains unarmed, for robbers and brigands made their home there, and would swoop down on unsuspecting travellers and rob or murder them.

But Martin took no companions with him, and with no weapon but the cross, he climbed the mountain roads defenceless and alone.

One day, as he journeyed, a company of brigands appeared suddenly, as if they had started out of the rocks. They seized him roughly, and one of them aimed a blow at his head with an axe. But before the blow could fall, another robber turned the axe aside and claimed Martin as his prisoner. Then they tied his hands behind him and bound him fast, while they made up their minds which would be the best way to kill him.

But Martin sat calm and untroubled, and seemed to have no fear of these terrible men.

"What is thy name, and who art thou?" asked the brigand who had claimed Martin as his prisoner.

"I am a Christian," answered Martin simply.

"And art thou not afraid of the tortures which await thee, that thou dost seem so calm and fearless?" asked the robber, wondering at the peaceful look upon the prisoner's face.

"I fear nothing that thou canst do to me," answered Martin, "for I am a servant of the great King, and He will defend His own. But I do indeed grieve for thee, because thou livest by robbery and violence, and art therefore unworthy of the mercy of my Lord."

The astonished robber asked him what he meant, and who this great King was whom he served; so Martin told him the whole story of God's love, and of the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

No words so wonderful had ever been spoken to this brigand before, and as he listened he believed that what Martin said was true. The first thing he did was to cut the rope which bound his prisoner's hands and to set him free; and after that he led him in safety through the mountain passes, until he reached a road that led to the plains below.

Here they parted, and the brigand knelt and asked Martin to pray for him that he might lead a new life. So there was one less robber on that lonely road, and one more Christian fighting the battles of the Lord.

Although Martin loved to dwell in lonely places, he was always ready to go where he was most needed, and so a great part of his life was spent in busy towns. When he was made Bishop of Tours and could no longer live in the solitude he loved, still he strove to be the best bishop it was possible to become, just as when he was a soldier he tried to be as good a soldier as he knew how to be.

Now Martin was growing an old man, yet he was very little changed since that long ago day when he divided his cloak with the poor beggar outside the gates of Amiens. It is said that one day when he was serving at the altar, in all his beautiful bishop's robes, he saw a ragged beggar standing near shivering with cold. At first he bade his deacon give him clothing, but the deacon was too slow to please the kind heart of the bishop, and so he went himself and took off his gold-embroidered vestment and put it tenderly round the shoulders of the beggar. Then as the service went on, and the bishop held up the holy chalice, the kneeling crowd saw with wonder that angels were hovering round and were hanging chains of gold upon the upraised arms to cover them, because the robe Martin had given to the beggar had left them bare.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than May 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for May

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write a paragraph of 100 words saying frankly what you think of "P.J."



JUMBLED FLOWERS

Combine the letters and groups of letters on the individual cards into groups of two, three, or four, and form the names of as many flowers as you can.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of the house and garden in which you would like to live, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

Describe the picture of St. Martin on page 77.

BIRDS OF ALL KINDS

(The answer in each case is the name of a bird.)

1. A kind of ring.
2. A term used in cricket.
3. A machine used in building.
4. A musical instrument.
5. To deceive.
6. A letter of the alphabet.
7. One of the acts in eating.
8. To grumble.
9. A piece in chess.
10. To tremble with fear.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of an Easter egg, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a cheering letter to some one who has been ill, but is getting better.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a copy of the completed Mother Goose Dot Puzzle on page 76, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

Prize List for March

VERSE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Alice Stewart, 45 Little May Street, Belfast. Mazoura Flockhart, 81 Brunstane Road, Joppa. Rosamond Burne, "Allens," Plaxtol, Kent. Elsie Vose, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Ross and D. Rawlinson, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; Ethel Jones, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Nora Hambly, Walthamstow; Olive M. Slee and Florence Cook, Fulham, S.W.6; Rita Barrett, Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent; Alison Hill, Selham, near Petworth; Heather Coteby, Easebourne, Midhurst; Muriel Sykes, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

CONTINUED SQUARE COMPETITION

The solution is as follows:—

AGE
GUN
ENTER
EYE
REBUS
USE
SEVER
EVE
RELAY
APE
YET (yes, or yea)

Prize-Winners.—William Hughes, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Winnie Calder, 11 Darnell Road, Trinity, Edinburgh. Eileen Broadhurst, "Sandyville," Grove Road, Wallasey.

Honourable Mention.—Freda B. Bonner, Dublin; Marjorie Moore and Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Florence Botton, Bromley; Nora Hillis, Belfast; Arnold P. Austin, Grange-over-Sands; Joan Waite and I. Thomas, Milton, Portsmouth; William A. Cross, Banbridge, Co. Down; Tom Semple, Strabane; Hilda Stow, Southfield School, S.W.18; Edward O'Neill and Eric Voas, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Ruth Graves, Cleethorpes, Grimsby; John Patton, Sion Mills; John Hutchison, Newmilns; William Ewart, Motherwell; Kathleen Getty, Belfast; Daphne Mary Moore, Belfast; Gladys Chandler, Bromley; Marjorie Hodges, Graveney Court, near Faversham.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—J. Ford, C.E. School, Kemerton, Glos. Doreen I. Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Midhurst, Sussex.

Honourable Mention.—Una Howes, South Hayling; Mary Wingfield, Christ Church School; Samuel Marshall, Dundonald; Eliza Valentine and Edith Brindle, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Barbara Underhill, "Delbury," Chesham Bois, Bucks. Sybil Ellis, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Barbara Smith, 2 Houghton Road, Dunstable.

Honourable Mention.—W. Hewson and Fred. J. Chapple, Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18; Arthur Holden, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs; Samuel Roberts and Albert Williams, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Beryl Moore, The Southfield School, Southfields, S.W.18. Gwennie Salter, 102 Tamworth Street, Fulham, S.W. Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Marjorie Moore, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Kathleen Louise Priestley, Portloe, near Grampond; John Jackson, 9 Nicholson Terrace, Londonderry; Philip Goode, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Walter Ravening, Blewbury, near Didcot; Cecily Cook, Cleethorpes; Margaret Sams, The Southfield School, S.W.18.

TRANSFORMATIONS

The solutions are as follows:—

Watch: patch, parch, perch, peach, peace, place, plane, plank, clank, clack—*Clock*.

Wheat: cheat, cleat, bleat, blent, blend, bleed, breed—*Bread*.

Black: clack, click, chick, chink, chine, whine—*White*.

Bird: bind, bend, bent, best—*Nest*.

Lead: load, goad—*Gold*.

[There are no awards for this competition, as none of the answers sent in merited a prize.]

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—H. G. Short, Belmore Lane, Lymington, Hants. Joan Evelyn Davids, 6 Compayne Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W.6. Clara Coe, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Alfred Brook, Fulham; Winnie Mills, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Gladys M. Alexander, Southfield School, S.W.18; James Dornan, Saintfield, Co. Down; Marjorie Helen Hughes, Luton; Elfreda Elford, Wakefield.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Katie Murchland, Cley Tye, North Ockendon, near Romford, Essex. James Bloon, Moss Lane, Hesketh Bank, near Preston. Vincent Walkerley, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden, Herts.

Honourable Mention.—Peggy Hambly, Walthamstow; Margaret Frances Priestley, Portloe, near Grampond Road; Hilda Beach and Peggy Lander, Rubery, near Birmingham; Else Dawson, Oxford; Ruth F. Mackinder, Belleau, near Alford, Lincolnshire; Edgar Lookley and Frederick Webster, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Gladys Fluck, London; Myrtle Prowse, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Milly Wilson, Fulwell, Sunderland.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Barbara Fox, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Gordon Robertson, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. Jock Cochrane, Brookhouse, Cotwall, near Malvern.

Honourable Mention.—Jean Summerfield, Rubery, Birmingham; Joseph Rathbone, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Edgar Lockley and Frederick Seabourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Phyllis Ogbourne, Henbury C.E. School, Bristol.

Prize Poems

MARCH

'Tis March—perverse and changing March,
When icicles encrust the larch,
When driving rain obscures the scene,
Or stormy winds blow sharp and keen,
Or wintry sunbeams' pallid rays
Sweet promise give of summer days.

Whate'er the passing mood may be,
Snow, wind, sun, rain are all to me
The trappings of a herald come
To break the chains of earth long dumb.
Of Winter's broken thrall to sing,
And usher in the new-born Spring.

ALICE STEWART.

MARCH

THE leafless trees do bend and sigh
When the cruel March wind goes whistling by,
And the early snowdrop hangs her head
When the blast moans by with icy tread.

The little birds crouched on the trees,
With feathers wet and hearts that freeze,
Scarce give a chirp, or wink an eye,
When the winds of March go groaning by.

The cold grey breakers out at sea
Come thund'ring in, so wild and free,
And quivering fall upon the shore—
They also wish that March was o'er.

MAZOURA FLOCKHART.

Letter Bag

THE Editress has to thank BARBARA SMITH for her kind letter. She is always delighted to receive any suggestions from the readers of *The Children's Paper*, and she hopes to publish in the paper very soon some hints as to arranging plays and tableaux.

Another welcome letter comes from EDNA GILLESPIE, for which the Editress thanks her, and hopes that she has been able to secure another new reader.

The Editress must also thank ROSEMARY EASTON for her interesting letter received some time ago containing a new kind of puzzle. The Editress hopes before long to have a Hidden Name puzzle in the Competition Corner based on this suggestion.



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